

Rama ~ Dr. Frederick Lenz
Liberation and Self Realization
1983

Liberation and self-realization. Self-realization is liberation. Liberation is self-realization. There is no beginning and there is no end. Nothing is final. There is no absolute. There is no highest point, nor is there a lowest point. These configurations are ideas. Ideas are primitive constructs, symbolic representations, reflections in a mirror. We see the world through thought. Thought not only in the sense of individual thoughts that we think, but thoughts that have amassed, that have collected, that have formed composites. There is no way to see the world. In this world, and in other worlds too, there are views. And what we see in a view is not necessarily what is in the view, all that is in the view. We have to separate to some extent the perceiver from that which is perceived or we have to lose all distinction whatsoever.

We see life in terms of physicality. We see a world with buildings, trees, mountains, oceans, people. We are cognizant of time, the sense that there is mutability. Time is change. It's the separation of eternity from itself. When eternity is separated from itself, we see it appear in different forms. Time is not a movement in space. Space is a movement in time. There is no deterioration and there is no creation. There are projections, moments of existence. Each moment is perfect.

So, for example, if we were to look at an apple and we saw an apple as it was growing and we watched the different stages of its growth. And we watched it ripen, and fall from the tree, and then we watched it decay. We watched the seeds from that apple root themselves into the ground and grow. And a huge tree eventually came forth from that apple. And the tree provided a place for birds to have nests and one of the birds in that nest one day was flying to the court of a king. And it flew in a window and took a precious gem. When the king couldn't find the gem, which was a symbol of his authority, the people said that it was a sign from the gods that the king should not have ruled the kingdom. The king was overthrown. His family had to leave the kingdom. They left in poverty. But the king had a son and one day the son grew up and he came back to the kingdom and he reclaimed the throne. He married, had children himself. And one day one of those children was out by the apple tree, the old, ancient apple tree. And a windstorm had blown down a nest and in it he found the jewel. And as he looked into the jewel, he saw himself. All the lives that he'd had ever had or would ever possibly have. All the creations of God stretched out infinitely. All times, past, present and future for all beings. Worlds unimagined. And he saw that each part of this was a part of himself; that the world and all the worlds were his body. That all the beings and people were his mind and that his soul was Nirvana, which was all of this and more. And seeing this, and

seeing us listening to this story, he came to see that there was no time. That the tree had never grown. That the apple, the first apple, from which all this came forth, was still sitting in a garden by a river. So reality does appear to exist, there does appear to be birth, youth, people appear to have children. But all of it's a dream. These are isolated moments that are only connected by perception. There is no separation.

Self-realization is that awareness ... not the awareness that this world is a dream ... that's a part of self-realization. Not the awareness that there is time ... because there is time, and that is part of self-realization. Not the awareness that there is no such thing as time, that there are only isolated incidents that – in other words – the apple is full-grown in one picture. The apple is only partially grown in another. The apple has ripened and fallen and its seeds have taken root in another picture. The seeds have grown into a giant tree in another picture. The bird has built its nest in another picture. It has taken the jewel, in another picture, from the king. The king and his family, homeless, wander poverty-stricken in strange lands, in another picture in our album. The son of the king comes back and reclaims the kingdom in another picture. Further in the album we have another picture. And this is the new king's son going to the old, gnarly apple tree and finding the jewel. In another picture, looking into the jewel and seeing all of the universes, all of the worlds, all of the dimensions, all times, all places. In another picture, seeing that there was something behind all that and beyond it all, which we call Nirvana. The Self. God. In another picture, watching us listening to all of this. In another picture, being back at the beginning, none of it had taken place. It was all a dream and on waking from the dream, it all went away.

Now, time is our turning of the pages of this vignette, of this collection of photographs. Each one of these events is happening independently. There is no cycle of growth and development. Rather, there are moments of perfectly manifested reality. They appear to be in sequence, because we place them in sequence. A flower never unfolds. The sun never rises. All of the moments are independent and only seem to be connected by a causal change, which we call time, because we are time and it is we who are connecting them with our consciousness. They all exist independently, so the moment of the apple at ripeness exists, it is separate; it is like a house you could go into. Next to it is another house, and another, and another. The apple falling, the child with the jewel ... each moment is a reality in itself. Everything always exists, in other words. Everything that has ever been or will ever be exists. What we do is we, as a body of perception, take a tour. And we visit different things. And as

we visit them, we say that they are. When we leave them, we say that they no longer are. But everything always has existed and always will exist. The awareness of this is part of self-realization, but is not self-realization. Self-realization is not a state of being, although all states of being are contained within it. Self-realization is like the thin air; only you have become the thin air. There is no sense of form. There is no sense of being a person. When you close your eyes and meditate, there is no sense that you are meditating. All there is is the thin air.

It's like going down to the beach on a windy day and there is no one there. It's too windy and cold. All the bathers have gone away. We walk down to the beach and sit out looking at that ocean. And we decide to meditate, so we fold our legs, a half lotus position or a lotus ... a cross-legged position. We sit up straight. We close our eyes. And at first we have a sense that I'm sitting here on the beach meditating. I can hear the wind. I can hear the seagulls when they cry as they go by, whirling wind. I can hear the sound of the water slapping against the shore, not far away. I'm here alone on this beach in the wind. Then, something happens. The sense of being there on the beach goes away. The wind is still there, but no one is there to listen to it. So instead of hearing it as a separate wind as separate from anything else, we don't perceive that. We see that it never was separate. There never was a beach. We were never sitting on it. The seagulls were never ... or always ... were flying. Nothing is distinct and separate.

It's like water. We look at water and we can't separate it from itself. We pour more water into it; it's all water. We take water out from it; it's all water. The water can assume different shapes. It can be frozen. It can be like an ice cube and seems hard and solid and independent, but then it melts, and it's but water. Fluid. The waves of the ocean arise and have a separate birth, crashing on the shore, but then back into the ocean they go. They never left it. There is no movement in Nirvana. There is no sameness. And one does not consider it to be timeless because one is not one. It is you, my friend, who go away. What we discover is it was not the waves or the birds or the wind that were standing out and being separate from existence; it was we who were standing out and being separate from existence.

And so we take an eraser and we erase ourselves. Kind of like one of those cartoons, one of those Road Runner cartoons. And we're suddenly in the middle of the cartoon. The cartoon would appear to stop and the hand of the artist would come on to the screen and he would erase the Road Runner. Kind of a surrealistic moment when something that was not supposed to be in our view comes into our view and changes everything. This is self-

realization. We erase ourselves; we go away. But we don't really go away, and we don't really erase ourselves, since we were never there to begin with. We weren't there to begin with in that what we are, or conceive of ourselves as, is a perception. We've decided what we are. That's the dream. When the dream fades, it's not that we don't exist. How could we not exist since we never existed? 'Twas only a dream. Dream after dream after dream. That's life.

The perceiver of the dream, the one whom the dream is unfolding before, is what we call the self. When we speak of self-realization, we don't mean the realization of the dream, the realization of the dream, or the different dreams – viewing the movie. This is what we already know. Oh, we can view different movies. We view youth, we view maturity, we view death, we view war, peace, space exploration, love, self-giving, selfishness, vanity; these are the different movies. These are the little videocassettes that we can pop into our screen and view. But this is not self-realization. Oh, true, one does not exist without the other, I suppose. But self-realization means the awareness not of the movie, watching the movie, but of the self that watches.

Who or what is this self? This is our topic in self-discovery. Yes, the movie is a part of the self, too. The movie comes out of the self and returns to the self. But it's a different part of the self. It's like a wave. Frozen in time. None of the waves are really moving, you just think they are. As a surfer is poised on a wave on his board, cutting quickly to the left. He'll always be there, in that moment. He's never left it. He had no birth, he didn't go to school, he didn't purchase the board; none of those things ever were. Only that moment when he's cutting quickly to the left, frozen in time, a snapshot, a photograph, a frozen reality, melting. In another picture, he may be on the shore, with his arm around his girlfriend. In another picture, he's an old man in the hospital, dying. But these are not the same person. These are movies that the self is watching. And we can freeze a frame and when we freeze the frame, we see a moment. We stop on a singular image. We stop the movie and watch him on the crest of the wave. For that's what it really is, you see? Life is composed of singular images. A movie is composed of tiny, little singular images, and they go very quickly. And when they go quickly, they appear to have form. They appear to be solid and substantial. They appear to have movement; what we call life is movement.

And this is the Samsara. The Samsara is the movement of life. And you, an individual self, a form, a moment on a wave, are bound. You're bound by the frame. You have forgotten that you are watching the movie. You've become so engrossed in the movie of your life that

you have forgotten that you're sitting there watching. You're in the movie now; you're participating in it.

Self-realization means taking a big step backward. This is liberation, being liberated and turning our attention to that which we are, the self, while enjoying the movie at the same time. Pass the popcorn, please. Life is a film, theatre, a theatre of the soul. We play different roles on different stages. At death, we walk offstage. At birth, we walk onstage. Self-realization is that timeless, perfect awareness. Well, what is God, then? God is that which watches. God is neither masculine nor feminine, although God can assume any form. God is that eternal reality that is in everything. The world of time, of space and condition, pleasure and pain, birth, growth, maturation, decay and death. Spinning, spinning, spinning this world. Always spinning. Beings caught in this Samsara, in this web of existence, spinning from birth to death to rebirth. Again and again, thousands of incarnations in time in a cycle of existence, a cycle of plays. Then one day the plays end and the screen goes blank. There is nothing. Everything returns to its original formlessness. And then another dream begins.

But who is that is dreaming all of this? Ecstasy. Pure ecstasy. Joy beyond understanding. Bliss beyond the dry dullness of the mind's philosophical ranging. Light ... light beyond any light in this world. The substance and the essence of all existence is this light, the transcendental light. Self-realization is the awareness of the finite of the physical worlds, of the movie, the moments in time – the bird taking the jewel, the king being banished, the son returning, this wonderful movie, seeing it and understanding it in all of its glory. Self-realization means, then, meditating on the beach and watching the birds and the waves, and the sound of the wind blur and fade until we can no longer distinguish one from the other. They become one sound, one resonance, which we find that we are. We can no longer distinguish ourselves from the bird or the sounds of the waves or the wind. There's not even a sense of being able to distinguish anything because we've forgotten that one could distinguish, that one could remember, that one could be, there is nothing. Nothing, in particular, that is, or everything. Or beyond everything and nothing, which are concepts of the mind, which is sitting in a body in the beach, contemplating all of this, while not too far away a child is looking into a jewel, seeing all of the world stretching out, endlessly.

To become conscious of God, to become God's consciousness, to become God, to be God and to be beyond God, God being beyond God, God having an existence separate from the creation. Going beyond God to that which God came forth from, which sustains God, to which

God will return. To be that, to merge with that, to lose one's self and find one's self endlessly again and again in that. Self-realization. No ego, no desires, no weight problems, no tax forms, no death to die, no life to live.

Not an empty extinction – how could being the entire cosmos and all of its wonder and all of its stages and cycles, and yet being that which is beyond them all, the invisible – be extinction. Extinction? The extinction of what, of whom? How can that which has never been be extinguished? None of this has ever been or will ever be; all is an appearance, all is an illusion. Illusions are truth. All illusions are real. We say illusion, meaning that they're shadows. I'm in Colorado; I'm walking through a field; I look up at the sky and I see a huge cloud moving across, very swiftly across and above. And then I look out and I see its shadow moving quickly over the land. One after another, the clouds drift through Colorado, casting their shadows on the ground, moving quickly. The shadow covers a cow and then moves on. It covers an old farmhouse. It goes across the highway, past the barbed wire fences. Moving endlessly. Illusions are shadows moving endlessly across the ground. The shadows are quite real but they're shadows. They have very little substance. Oh, for the moment that they are there, they appear to have a lot of substance, I would agree. But then again, who am I to agree? The shadow passes. The light is there again. Was the shadow ever there? No. The shadow was never there. The light has always been there. The moment with the shadow, when the shadow was there? Well, light had never been there, because the shadow was timeless. Only you create time by joining these events together. But they don't join together; there's no separativity.

Liberation from the finite. Liberation from the things that make you unhappy. Well, things don't make you unhappy. People don't make you unhappy. You make yourself unhappy. Because you are in the cycle. You're stuck. You're stuck in time. Liberation from time. Liberation means no rebirth. Now, does that mean you don't reincarnate? Well, you never did reincarnate. It's a way of talking, I suppose. Oh, you may have had countless lives, and many more stretching before you, and what else have you got to do with your time? What does that have to do with liberation? I'm not sure there was a question, was there? I've forgotten. I knew that there was some reason that we were talking about all of this. It seems to have slipped my mind. What mind? I'm not sure. That word came from somewhere. Must have been an archaic language that they used in another time, on some planet someplace. They all went away, those people, though. I remember that. Oh, there were a lot of them. They

thought they were important. And they were. And they went away. Gee, they didn't give us a forwarding address, I'm sorry. They moved out. Yes? One of them was your sister? And your father and your mother and all your friends? Your relatives, people you've met, experiences you've ... all of them? Yes, they did live here for a while, yes, I remember them. Uh-huh. No, no, the city folks, they all ... they moved. Yeah. Country folks, too, yeah. Oh, the military, they went too, yes. Yeah. You were worried about the bombs falling? They couldn't fall. Oh, I suppose they did. But then they went away. The earth, yeah, we had it in a file here, I think it was in one of our cabinets, let me look for you. Uh, earth ... let's see ... solar ... yes. No, I'm sorry, we've thrown that file out. Uh-huh? Yeah, well, if we find it, we'll call you, okay? Where are you staying? Nirvana? Is there someplace else? Oh, good. Yes. Okay, we'll find you, no problem, we'll just, uh ... the computer will take care of it. It's a good model, new one; it has everything in it. All of existence, all of the cycles, all of the stages. This computer is so good, as a matter of fact, that it has all of the past, present, and future on one chip. All of the other possibilities on another chip. All of the impossibilities on a third chip. The fourth chip? Well, that's the fourth dimension, the supraconscious. Oh, yes, we've got that too, uh-huh. We've got that here, we've got that. God? Yeah, God's on another chip. Yeah. We've got it all. The computer itself? Oh, yes, self-replicating DNA. We grow them out back. Yeah, that tree that used to be the apple tree? Uh-huh. Yeah, some kid found this jewel and we got it and we looked inside of it and we saw all this happening, and so we decided that it was. In one facet of the jewel, we were sitting here having this conversation and I was explaining how the computer works. Uh-huh. Then some guy came in and he brought the beach with him and suddenly it got very sandy here and we were all sitting around and the waves were coming through. Fortunately, we had the computer waterproofed. I can't tell you, I was very nervous about that. Uh-huh, yeah, sure. Well, it's been nice seeing you, too, and listen, uh, you know, drop by sometime again in any one of the possible futures the computer can construct for you. Yeah. Well, who do we buy our computers from? Oh. Well. We grow them. Uh-huh. Yes. Yeah. They grow out of the heart of being. No problem. Sure. We'll call you. Thanks.

The awareness of liberation is not liberation. The awareness of time is not liberation. The awareness of place, space, or condition is not liberation. The smoke from the fire passes through the building and the soot affixes itself to the walls. The smoke passes through the air and keeps going. Liberation. You can't say what it is, but you can sure say what it isn't. And yet, everything is in it. If you choose to be free, if you choose to be liberated, if you choose to

be what I am, then you've chosen freedom. You can do this. That's my sole purpose in life is to sit here today and tell you that you can do this. In any life. You can do this in one of your past lives, in a future life, or right now. I prefer now. You have to refine your being. You have to go through all of the stages and steps of erasing yourself through service to others with purity, humility, integrity. By going through the things that life gives you to go through, happily. You have to loosen the grip of time, gradually.

You've fallen asleep in bed with someone you love. Their arm is around you. And very quietly and slowly, you have to get up out of bed. You don't want to wake them, now. You lie there for about fifteen minutes, listening to the sounds of the night and then very quietly, you lift the sheets and just slide ... oh, they moved a little bit. We wait a few more minutes, listening to our heartbeat. They're dreaming, next to you. They're dreaming. Who knows where they are, what they're seeing, or what they're feeling? They've forgotten all about you. Such is love. And you slip out of bed. Oh, you did it, now tiptoe ... very quietly, put your hand on the doorknob, turn it slowly, open it. You're out in the hall. Close the door behind you. Slowly. Liberation. You're free from those who loved you. Isn't that liberation? Well, now you're in the hall, true. Well, you've got to go somewhere. You could go to the kitchen, outside. It's liberation. What did you expect it was going to be? What did you think? What, do you think they're going to put a crown on your head and put robes around you? And what do you want, anyway? Just who do you think you are? That's the question. It's not enough just to walk down the hall? You can go back into the bedroom if you want to, and if you like that sort of thing, I suppose. If you're one of those. Is that what you really want? Well, then, go ahead. We've got it on the computer chip. The bedroom scene. You want us to play it again?

That's the one where you were a person. Remember when you were a person? When you still had a life? Yeah, those were the good, old days, weren't they? Oh, we had a hell of a time, didn't we? Fought battles together, grew up together, listened to music, went to parties. We worked. God, do remember all the work we did all those years in school, sitting in a classroom listening to the teacher? Then we became teachers. Do you remember the time in the world where we taught them? God, Atlantis was only yesterday. Let alone Los Angeles. Remember that incarnation in Los Angeles? Well, you've taught in a lot of places now. And we're glad. You helped many beings, who didn't exist, to attain liberation, which they never lost, since they never had it, since they never were. And we think it's wonderful, the work

you've done. And we've got this gold watch here. And you know what? We've managed to take our entire computer with all of existence, with all of those chips, and we've reduced it into this watch here. And this watch is so good, that it never stops. It's what we call perpetual motion. We finally found it. Well, it was here all along. It was the universe; existence is perpetual motion. Galileo wondered about it. Da Vinci. We've got it right here. It's a Rolex, of course.

Timelessness and time. Life and death. Your existence is passing before you. Grains of sand in the hourglass. The Wicked Witch of the West has you in her castle and she's turned the hourglass over and the sand is running through. Will you be rescued? Will you be liberated? Or will you die? The only way you can beat death is liberation. If they rescue you in time, if the Tin Man, the Cowardly Lion, and Toto, and the Scarecrow get there in time, you'll be rescued. If not, the Wicked Witch of the West will have her way and her day and she'll get those ruby slippers. But if you can click your heels three times, and with your whole heart want to be home, as little E.T. says, or OM, then you can get out of the castle, you can go home. And all of the friends that you had, all the adventures in Oz, will go away. And all your good friends ... you'll cry, Dorothy, as you leave them. And they'll all go away. The tin man, the scarecrow, and that wonderful lion, and the Wizard himself, and the Munchkins, and the evil witches, and Glenda the Good Witch, they all go away. Well, you know you have to go home, even though you could cry and stay forever, you have to go home. So with them all gathered around you, and the Wizard up there in the air someplace in that wonderful balloon, you click your heels three times. And the mother you loved and the father you loved, and the children, and the places and the moments of this world all go away.

But you don't know why, but you know you have to go home. It's an eternal longing. It's Marvell's *Drop of Dew*. Wanting to go back to the sky. We're drawn by a force we don't understand. Through worlds, through experience, and then click your heels three times, there's no place like home. And then when we're home, well, God, it was a dream, it was a dream. Oz. I dreamt it, Dorothy says. Didn't it really happen, Auntie Em? You're all still here. You see, that's Nirvana. You must understand. It's Dorothy at home. She went to the Emerald Kingdom for a while, but at home, all of the characters are still there. The fellow who looked like the Scarecrow, the fellow who looked like the Cowardly Lion, the fellow who looked like the Wizard and the Tin Man. They're all there still, just in a different form. Self-realization doesn't imply loss, gain, even transition; it's only a settling. The separate sounds on the beach, the

bird, the waves, the wind. They all come together again. They blend. They harmonize. The moment of the wave with the surfer cutting to the left, the moment with no surfer and no wave, the ice has melted, the water is all. And beyond all of this, beyond these discussions, these ideas, these analogies, these images. The child is gone. The jewel is gone. The computer outgrew itself and went away. Took itself out for lunch. Everything gone away. Self-realization and liberation.

Om ... Om ... Om ... Om ... Om ... Om ... Om.

Lead us from the unreal to the real. Lead us from darkness into light. Lead us from death to immortality. Lead us from the real into the unreal. Lead us from light into darkness. Lead us from immortality to death and back again, again and again, as you will. You are the self, you are my beloved, you are eternity. I am thine and thou art mine. But I can't own anything and I can't be you and you can't be me. That only happens in time, and there is no time when we really love each other. That's the magic of love. When we really love each other, there is no time. Don't you understand? So love, love is self-realization. Love is liberation. It's the only way beyond time. It unravels the knot of existence, is to love.

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